

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Girl Wanted.

A FABLE OF THE GIRL WHO HATED
TO PLAN.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.



THERE was once a girl named Leila who "simply hated" to plan ahead. "I'd so much rather do things when I feel like it," she would say. "How do I know what I'll want to be when I'm grown up? I know of course in a general way that I'd like to be very rich, and a great social leader, and have a nice family of children—and do a lot of good in the world besides, but that's all."

"And you expect to be all that without planning?" laughed her friend Dolly, to whom she was talking. "Well, I certainly shall take off my hat to you if you succeed. I myself should think I had to work and plan every single day!"

"Oh, well, you see, I always do my best work on the spur of the minute," answered Leila, rather loftily. "And as for making life a perfect burden by planning out every single minute, I simply *won't*, that's all!"

Dolly looked a little doubtful. "But Father says that what you are when you're grown up depends"—she began.

"Oh, nonsense," interrupted Leila, rudely. "It depends on chance and luck more than anything! I can see, though, that you don't believe me, so I'll tell you what we'll do. You take me down to that wonderful Manager of yours and I haven't a doubt that he'll be able to show both of us just how much better everything will turn out if I don't worry and plan ahead."

Dolly was delighted with this easy solution, so off the girls went to the Manager of Life's Bureau of Adjustments.

The Manager listened to Leila's explanations with his usual courteous interest.

"That's a rather unusual problem," he said thoughtfully. "Most people, you see, are only too anxious to plan ahead—so anxious that some of them spend too much time in building air-castles. But of course there's a niche somewhere for a girl who doesn't like to plan, even though I can't place it just now. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send around a wireless to some of my clients, so that they will be prepared for a call from you two young ladies. And whenever you see a sign out: 'Girl Wanted,' you go up and ring the bell. You might start over on Best Avenue."

Leila could not refrain from giving a rather triumphant look in Dolly's direction, for Best Avenue was all that its name implied; but Dolly was so delighted to think she was to be allowed to go, too, that she didn't mind the look at all.

Right in the very heart of Best Avenue they saw their first sign:

GIRL WANTED.

How queer it looked on that beautiful carved front door!

"It seems almost too good to be true," cried Leila, as they ran up the steps. "Didn't I tell you that I'd like to be very rich? Well, this will be the place for me. I shan't need to go any farther." Almost as they rang the bell, the door opened, and in another moment two powdered footmen and a butler had wafted them up the stairs and into the boudoir of the lady of the house.

A secretary was seated at a desk, and a very imposing and well-dressed woman looked up and frowned at their approach.

"The girls that the Manager sent up, I suppose," she said in a rather petulant and worried tone. "Yes. I really hadn't a minute to spare to-day, but he was so insistent! Look on my schedule, Miss Reed. We must finish those lists now, and the architect comes at three, and the Woman's Committee is at three forty-five, and then two teas. And I must see about my costume for the Bal Masque sometime this afternoon. Tell Therese to telephone."

"Oh, well, they will wish to look about, I suppose. Hoskins may take them, and I will send for them when I have a spare moment. Hand them the plan of the house, please, Miss Reed, and my wardrobe lists."

"Now, Miss Reed, I will decide first on the lists for the house-party, and then for the Southern trip next month."

It was a wonderful house! Dolly enjoyed its beauties thoroughly, but Leila's attention was only half-hearted. All of the time she felt as if there were a hand on her shoulder, pushing her here and there as if she were a pawn on a chess-board. It was really a relief when the message came that "Madam" had exactly eight minutes to spare.

"And now," said the lady, wasting no time, as they appeared, "there are the two country-places and the yacht. Look, Miss Reed, please, and see if Mr. Marchant is to use the yacht this week-end. I am so worn-out that I know I shall need some one very soon, and the Manager said that you!"

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Leila, excitedly. "Oh, I never could lead this life! Nothing but plans and schedules and lists. I

never dreamed a rich woman had a life like this. I must be going right away!"

And in less time than it takes to tell it, the two girls were down the stairs and out again upon the pavement.

"We'll go over on one of the side streets now," cried Leila, "where people are just comfortable, you know. No more of these society leaders for me."

For a little time they walked along, discussing all the lovely things they had seen; and then all at once they came upon the next little notice:

GIRL WANTED.

"Why, this is Dr. Carlton Summers's house, isn't it?" cried Leila, eagerly. "I'm so glad! Mrs. Summers is such a wonderful philanthropist, you know. Mother says she is concerned in every good work in the city. Just think, if I am to follow in her footsteps!"

A neat little maid-servant opened the door for them. "Mrs. Summers is so sorry," she apologized, "but she could not wait another minute. She was due to give her report at the Tuberculosis Conference and then there is the meeting of the Board of Managers for the Children's Hospital. To-morrow she has to attend a meeting in Buffalo. But the day after that she is in charge at Red Cross House, and if you'll come between twelve and one, while most people are out for their luncheons, she will be delighted to see you."

"Of course she can't keep on working so hard very much longer, and she says she must begin at once to train her successor. Really, she says, a Social Service course!"

But Leila was already saying "Thank you," a very half-hearted, depressed sort of "Thank you," and turning away.

"Why, that's almost as bad as society," she sighed to Dolly. "Did you ever dream it was like this?"

"That's the way they accomplish so much, I suppose," answered Dolly, thoughtfully. "Father talks so much about system. But it does sound hard, I'll admit."

"Awful!" groaned Leila. "I'm going to get right away from this part of the city. We'll take the car now and go straight out to Roscroft."

So out to Roscroft they went, and there, sure enough, on one of its prettiest bungalows, swung the little sign that was becoming so familiar:

GIRL WANTED.

Another neat little maid opened the door.

"Miss Leila?" she asked. "Miss Dolly? I have a note for you to read—from the Manager, I believe the messenger said."

Leila took the note, and together the girls read it.

"The lady who lives here is the very

best wife and mother I know. She is not at all tired, and doesn't feel the need of any one to take her place. But it is such a beautiful place for any girl to fill that I have besought her to take a girl to train. So it's really a place for Miss Dolly rather than Miss Leila, I fear."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why," exclaimed Leila, rather pettishly. "I'm sure I was the one who said I wanted a nice family of children!"

"Mrs. Mater is in the living-room," suggested the maid's polite voice.

At the door of the living-room the girls stopped in delight before the pretty picture they saw. Behind a cozy tea-table by the fire sat little Mrs. Mater with half a dozen children around her.

"Oh," she cried, rising, and running forward with both hands extended, "I'm so glad to see you! And you're just in time for tea. My husband always tries to get home for it on Saturday afternoons, and then we all have the loveliest times together."

"It's fairy-castle day," explained a curly-haired boy.

"Fairy-castle?" asked both of the girls together.

"The children like the name better than air-castle," explained the Little Mother, as she smilingly led the way back to the table. "They mean the castles the fairies are building for them to live in."

"What fairies?" asked Leila, with her arm around a blue-eyed little girl.

"Oh, Love, and Work, and Play, and Study, and all the rest of the fairies," answered the boy. "They build it out of the Future, you know, but we have to—to direct them" (he used the grown-up word carefully) "so they will make nice, nice houses! Just as Father and Mother plan things for us, you know. Every Saturday we talk over our plans."

Leila stared. "These babies?" she queried in surprise.

"Why, surely. A good architect wouldn't want to build even the smallest house without a plan, would he? And life-building is the most important building there is. We can plan for them now while they are little, but after all, their most important building is in their own hands. And my husband and I feel that teaching them now to do that is the most important thing we can do. Oh, here is my husband. Now we can have tea."

It was a very charming little tea-party, and Dolly listened with the greatest delight while the children—even down to Baby Nan—planned the "fairy-castles" which they were building. But Leila was much quieter than usual.

"O Dolly," she groaned, when they left the family on the little rose-hung porch. "Yes, it was lovely I know. But is this world nothing but plan, plan, plan after all? I'm so sick of the very thought of a plan! Where do you suppose I can go where they won't ding-ding that at me all the time?"

Hardly had she uttered the words when a sudden turning brought them into a very different locality. The houses were little and some of them very untidy looking, and crowds of dirty children were playing in the streets.

From the door of one of the untidiest cottages, a woman called out to them as they passed. She was young, and

pretty in a common sort of way, but her hair was uncombed, her pink wrapper frowsy and soiled—and her dirty white pumps down at the heels.

"Oh, hullo!" she called. "Are you the girls that Manager sent? I need you the worst way! Come right in. I've just had an invitation to go away for a visit—but of course I'm not ready. It's too much bother. I've got to go around and borrow some money of the neighbors and buy some clothes."

"One of you come and stay with the baby while the other gets supper, for I want to go on the nine o'clock train tonight. Use whatever's in the ice-box. Or if there isn't anything there, you can go to the Delicatessen on the corner."

"I like to do things on the spur of the minute. I can't bear to plan beforehand about things!"

"Gracious! Do I hear the baby crying? I believe she's sick again!" Hastily she ran inside and the girls followed her.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The Doctor said I ought to keep that medicine on hand or she might be taken with one of those spasms and die—but I forgot!"

"I must run for the doctor first!" cried Leila. "And Dolly you go to the nearest neighbor!"

But as the girls hurried down the front steps, an automobile drove up, and out stepped the Manager, a tall man, who, to judge by his case, was a doctor, and a motherly looking woman. The other two went into the house while the Manager stopped to speak to Leila and Dolly.

"I thought the case was getting rather too hard for you," smiled the Manager. "Oh, yes, of course I keep track of these things. So I hurried over with the doctor and nurse that I always keep ready for such emergencies. And now I can take you young ladies to your next place."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Leila. "Don't take me anywhere. I want to live my own life, not somebody's else—particularly somebody who has failed. I want to go home and plan mine out. Why, don't you know, Mr. Manager, that life-building is the very biggest and most important building that there is? A good architect wouldn't build the smallest house without a plan!"

Dolly stared with round eyes; but the Manager, being a very polite and wise young man, merely smiled.

Imagination.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

IT'S very strange, how I can change

From one place to another;

I know it's so, but how I go

I really can't discover.

I shut my eyes, I'm in the skies

Among the stars at night;

I only think, but quick as a wink

I'm in their silver light.

Then suddenly I'm on the sea,

Just as I was last week;

And then I go to where the snow

Hangs on the mountain-peak.

How very queer, I'm there, I'm here,

Without a boat or car;

Yet anywhere I wish, I'm there,

Whether it's near or far.

"It may not be of the least consequence how you feel, but it is of very great consequence how you make others feel."

The Dog Next Door.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

TIMMY rushed into the room where his mother sat sewing. "Why, what is it?" Mrs. Morne asked.

"It's that dog next door!" Timmy gasped. "Oh—he nearly bit me this time." Tears came into his eyes and he trembled.

Mrs. Morne shook her head and smiled. "Oh, I don't believe he would bite," she said. "He just barks and chases you because you run. Perhaps he is trying to play with you! Why don't you try to make friends with him?"

Timmy gulped down a big sob. "I hate dogs!" he cried. "And that next-door dog especially. I—I just hope something awful happens to him."

"Oh—Timmy-boy!"

"I do! He isn't good for anything but to bark and bark and scare people. I hate him."

"I'm sorry you can't make friends with him. I know he barks, but he is just a pup and doesn't know any better. But now I want you to run an errand for me."

Timmy glanced fearfully out of the window. His mother smiled. "It's the other way," she said, and Timmy ran on the errand. When he came back his face was shining.

"I just met Ned Edgar," he cried, "and he knows the housekeeper that lives in the big house next door, where that old barking dog is. And she says that the old man is going away and she is going to take a vacation, and they are going to put the dog in a dog-hospital, so he can't bark at me any more. I'm glad."

It did seem good not to have any barking pup rushing out at his heels, and the next few days Timmy had a very nice time. He played in the street and in the vacant lot beyond the big house and even ventured into the half-acre behind the mansion where the wild-plum trees grew.

One afternoon he found a ripe plum and was starting for home overjoyed when he heard a faint sound. What could it be? He stopped and listened. It sounded like the complaining whine of a dog.

Timmy's cheeks paled. So the next-door dog had come back again! He dropped the red plum from his listless fingers and stared fearfully at the green hedge beyond which the sound seemed to come.

The walls rose louder and louder, and Timmy ventured a little nearer. "I believe something is happening to him," he said almost joyfully. "He sounds like some one was whipping him."

Then suddenly in a crevice of the hedge he saw a small long-haired form tightly wedged, its plump body unable to do more than wriggle helplessly.

"He ran away from the hospital," Timmy surmised, "and as the gates were locked he hunted until he found this hole in the hedge—and he's stuck there! Goody!" But the "goody" came rather faintly. Timmy did not feel one-half so glad of the little enemy's plight as he would have expected to. He tried to whistle cheerfully, but the whistle dwindled into silence.

"Oh, shucks!" Timmy said. "I wish he'd stop that whining. Guess I'll go over home where I can't hear it. Serve him right to be stuck there forever after the way he barks at me. And I can't hear him whining at home."

But it was a kind of queer thing. Even when Timmy reached home and went to the shady spot in the farthest corner of the garden he could still seem to hear that frantic whining. He dug out a fat grub-worm and worked industriously at the roots of the purple and white asters, but the wriggling of the worm reminded him of the squirming of that fat dog form and the shaggy asters of the furry little fellow. Suddenly he flung down his trowel.

"I suppose I'll be bitten to death for it," he said morosely, "but I've just got to go and let him loose."

He ran around past the wild-plum trees, and after much enlarging of the hole in the hedge and puffing and pulling he dragged the puppy from his uncomfortable and perilous position. When the pup was free Timmy shrank back as the dog threw himself upon him, and the cry he tried to give voice to stuck in his parched throat. But the open jaws did not close upon his blanched cheek. Instead, a little red tongue flashed out in caress and two soft brown eyes looked their gratitude into his own. Then the pup barked up at the branch of a plum tree which swayed overhead and cuddled into Timmy's arms.

A few moments later Timmy came into his yard with the pup at his heels, to the great surprise of Mrs. Morne, who was sitting upon the porch, for Timmy's face was shining instead of fearful and tear-washed.

"Oh," he cried, "I thought he was horrid—but he's the nicest puppy—after I pulled him from the hedge! I like him fine now! Isn't that funny?"

"No," answered Mrs. Morne, after she had heard the story. "It isn't funny at all—it isn't even *queer*. The best way to get acquainted with your enemies—real or fancied—is to be kind to them in some way. Then they will not be enemies any longer."

"I guess that's right," said Timmy.

And the next-door dog barked approvingly.

Another Species.

WHEN Mark Twain was at York Harbor, Me., an old fisherman named Captain Brooks became one of the humorist's best friends. One day Mark dropped in on the old tar and said, "Captain Brooks, do you know if there is an osteopath at the Harbor?"

"Wal," said the old captain, "the'mebbe, but I ain't never ketched one yet, and I've been fishin' here nigh onter forty years."

"Well," said Mark, "I guess I'll go and inquire at the drug store."

That evening Captain Brooks told his wife about it, and she said:

"You're a bright one, Jed Brooks; that ain't no fish; it's a bird."—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;

Listen there how noiselessly this germ o' the seed has birth—

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way

Till it parts the scarcely broken ground and the blade stands up to-day."



Footprints in the Snow.

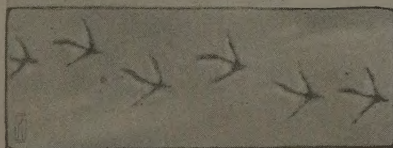
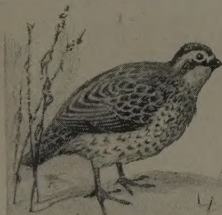
BY OLIVER PERRY MEDSGER.

Part II.

THE red fox makes a track much like that of a small dog. The claw-marks show better, and the hind feet step almost exactly in the tracks made by the front feet. The trail is very narrow. I mean by that that the foot-marks are almost in a straight line. This trait in an animal is said to indicate swiftness and agility. A clumsy creature has its feet spread wide apart and leaves somewhat of a zig-zag trail.

Most animals do not go far from their homes. They know their own locality best and rarely leave it. That is the reason that when hunted they generally run in a circle; a very crooked circle to be sure, but they usually return about to the starting-point. Foxes know a large area and will often trail along for miles. They are always on the lookout for food, and their keen sense of smell leads them to many a good dinner.

Ernest Thompson Seton, who without doubt is the best authority in the country on the tracks and tracking of our wild creatures, has well described how the grouse and prairie chicken are sometimes caught by the fox while asleep in a bank of snow. During very cold weather, especially when there is a keen wind blow-



"The quail, or bobwhite, is another snow-walker."

ing, these birds often dive into a snowdrift, and there, covered with a soft white blanket, they sleep through the night. The fox and coyote are always on the lookout for these birds, and with their wonderful sense of smell are often led to their sleeping-places. It was while following the trail of a fox that Mr. Seton first saw where one of these sly creatures had caught a grouse as it broke through the snow. The chief advantage that the fox has over the grouse lies in the sense

of smell, a sense that is practically absent in birds.

Speaking of the ruffed grouse which is also called partridge or pheasant, we must not forget that it has a very peculiar adaption for walking on the snow. In the late fall, numerous short, bristle-like feathers grow from each side of its toes. These snowshoes enable it to walk on the snow and prevent it from sinking deep. The quail, or bobwhite, is another snow-walker, and its tracks may often be seen in cornfields, meadows, and open thickets. These birds generally go in flocks, and often the snow is so trampled up that one has trouble in following the tracks. The toe-prints of the bobwhite, though not so large, are much clearer cut than those of the grouse.

(To be continued.)

Moment Giocoso.

BY FLOLA L. SHEPARD.

THE sky dropped down to meet the earth

In the wake of a summer storm,
And served as a stage to plays of mirth
With actors of strangest form.

At first 'twas a regular animal show,
With whales and a Cheshire cat,
And flying-squirrels, and fleet young doe,
And a hungry-looking bat.

Then it changed to a circus tent,
Black canopied above,
And Jocko into the ring was sent
In pursuit of a turtle-dove.

Next it became a little stage,
And out stepped Harlequin,
With prologue just learned from title-page,
Before the farce should begin.

The curtain by him was drawn aside,
Punchinello was ready for fight.
But we were spared our grief had he died
For the scene was closed by night.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

10 PLAINFIELD STREET,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have written two other letters before this one. I have read so many lately that I want to write again. I took *The Beacon* when I was six and seven years old. I did not read all the stories, so I have read them lately. I like *The Beacon* very much. My mother took *The Beacon* when she was a little girl. She said the name was *Every Other Sunday*. I am nearly eleven years old and am in the sixth grade in school. I still keep up my correspondence with Rjolena Curtis.

Your friend,

DOROTHY FOSTER.

32 JOLIET STREET,
LACONIA, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eleven years old and go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister is Mr. Duerr. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the stories very much. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I have two brothers, one seven years and one eight years, and also two sisters, one three years and the other four years, who also go to Sunday school with me.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY J. MACOMBER.

CRESTALBAN SCHOOL,
BERKSHIRE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old and go to Crestalban School. I am in the seventh grade. We are right out among the Berkshire Hills. It is very nice here in winter, especially when there is a lot of snow.

I go to the Unitarian church in Pittsfield. We have the pupils' note-book on "The Story of Jesus," in Sunday school. Mr. Joy is our minister. There are twelve girls, two of them go to the Episcopal church, and the rest of us go to the Unitarian church.

I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

BARBARA BRAND.

HILTON HOUSE, 249 STRATHMARTINE ROAD,
DOWNFIELD, DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I wrote to *The Beacon* in 1914, when I was five years old.

I go to the Unitarian church and Sunday school and I get *The Beacon* every week. I have got a correspondent in Salt Lake City.

I have made up some enigmas and am enclosing one in this letter.

I like the stories in *The Beacon* very much and especially "The Street in a Sheep Pasture." My minister is the Rev. Henry Williamson. Hoping for the Beacon Club all success,

Yours sincerely,

HILDA WHAMOND.

The Magic of Martin.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"YOU wouldn't believe that I was a magician," Martin importantly announced as he entered the room where a dozen boys and girls were seated.

"No, we wouldn't," laughed his companions, frankly.

"Then I shall have to show you," Martin replied, resting his chin in his hand and apparently deep in thought. "Let me see, what shall I do to convince you?"

"Give us an exhibition of your magic," suggested one of the boys.

"Very well," Martin agreed with great dignity. "Martha, if you will step to one side so that every one may see you, I will go out of the room, and while I am gone you must hold one hand above your head and keep the other at your side. Hold them in the position chosen until I rap upon the door and say 'Ready,' then hold them out in front of you and I will tell you which hand was up in the air."

So Martha held her right hand high in the air until Martin's voice gave the signal and the door opened. Hastily she held them out before her.

"You held the right hand up!" Martin answered instantly.

"You looked through the key-hole!" accused the others.

"Let some one put his hands over my eyes and some one else try," Martin suggested.

The result was the same—Martin guessed every time. When they tried to trap him by holding both hands up or down he announced with scorn what they had done, until the little group glanced at

him with awe and admiration and clamorously demanded an explanation.

"Why, it's easy," Martin laughed. "The hand held above the head is drained of blood and is whiter than the other hand, into which the blood runs on account of its lowered position. When both hands were held down both were red, and when both were straight up both were pale-looking."

They all agreed it was very interesting "magic."

Church School News.

THE Oakland, Calif., church issues a circular of the courses of study in the School of Religion which includes the study program of all correlated organizations. Under the direction of the minister, Rev. Clarence Reed, religious education is not limited to the children nor to one day of the week. It goes through the whole church and uses all days.

The questionnaire about the Sunday school sent to all members of the Independent Protestant Church of Columbus, Ohio, resulted in the formation of a men's class and a women's class in the Sunday school, and one added teacher. The men's class began November 14 with fifteen members, doubled that number on the 21st, and increased it again on the 28th. The class aims to secure a hundred members. The class for women started January 2, under the capable leadership of Mrs. Bachmann, the first woman lawyer to be admitted to the bar in Ohio, and a member of the Board of Education. There will be a friendly rivalry in numbers between the two classes, which meet with the school at 9 A.M. Sundays.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is to tumble.
My 16, 14, 15, is another name for a gulf.
My 9, 7, 5, 20, 18, 19, is the name of a zone.
My 11, 21, 14, 10, is warmth.
My 13, 8, 6, is a weight.
My 12, 7, 20, is what a hen lays.
My whole happened in Scotland in 1879.
HILDA WHAMOND.

ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 11, 12, 3, 4, 9, 6, is tender, soft fruit.
My 1, 5, 2, 7, is a part of the body.
My 8, 10, 12, is shade or color.
My whole is a command of Jesus to Peter.
E. A. C.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Short words, of unequal length, whose initials spell a river of the United States, and whose finals spell a great sea of the eastern hemisphere.

1. Neat, prim.
2. In this place.
3. The close.
4. A city of Florida.
5. A personal pronoun.
6. To observe.
7. Not sweet.
8. Above.
9. A girl's name.
10. To move fast.
11. Anger.
12. A girl's name.
13. A hostelry.
14. Scenes.
15. Before.
16. A girl's name.

E. A. C.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A part of the body.
2. Comfort.
3. A character in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabage Patch."
4. Costly.

M. E.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 14.

ENIGMA XXIX.—*American Boy*.
ENIGMA XXX.—*Narragansett Bay*.
TWISTED SOUNDS.—1. Nantucket. 2. Long Island. 3. Albemarle. 4. Pamlico. 5. Puget.
HIDDEN PARTS OF THE BODY.—1. Nose. 2. Elbow. 3. Ankle. 4. Spine. 5. Knee. 6. Stomach. 7. Hip.
PI.—Winter now is here, boys,
Now's the time for fun;
Get your sleds and skates out,
Hurry, every one!

Spring and fall are pleasant,
Summer has its joys;
But the jolly winter
Is the time for boys.

Answers to puzzles in No. 8 were sent by Albert Vandercook, Sacramento, Calif.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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